







## FIFTY YEARS.

For the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Class of William C. Lloyd which was graduated in 1813.

BY WILLIAM C. LLOYD.

Long since, a gallant youthful company  
Went from these learned shores,  
The hand of Time  
Hath scored, upon the perishing works of man,  
The years of half a century since that day,  
Forth to the world they went in hope; but some  
Fell at the threshold, some in mid career  
Sank down, and some who bring their frosty brows,  
A living register of change, are here,  
And from the spot where once they coned the words  
Written by ages of the older time,  
Look back on fifty years. Large space are they  
Of man's brief life, those fifty years; they join  
In ruddy morning to the pale light  
Of its declining hours. In fifty years  
As many generations of earth's flowers  
Have sweetened the soft air of Spring, and died;  
As many harvests have, in turn, made green  
The hills, and ripened into gold, and fallen  
Before the sickle's edge. The sapling tree  
Which then was planted stands a shaggy trunk,  
Moss-grown, the centre of a mighty shade.  
In fifty years, the pasture grounds have oft  
Renewed their herds and flocks, and from the stalls  
New masts of the generous steed have neighed  
Or pruned in the smooth roads. In fifty years,  
As many crowns have fallen from kingly brows  
For slothful heirs to crown: new dynasties  
Have climbed to empire, and new commonwealths  
Have formed, and fallen again to wreck, like clouds  
Which the wind tears and scatters. Mighty names  
Have blazed upon the world, and passed away,  
Their lustre lessening, like the faded train  
Of a receding comet. Fifty years  
Have given the mariner to outstrip the wind  
With engines churning the black deep to foam,  
And tamed the nimble lightning, sending them  
On messages for man, and forced the sun  
To lull for man upon the snowy sheet  
Where'er he shines upon, and taught the art  
To vex the pale dull clay beneath our feet  
With chemic tortures, till the sullen mass  
Flows in bright torrents from the furnace mouth,  
A shining metal, to be clay no more.

Oh, were our thousand years in goodness like our growth  
In art, the thousand years of innocence  
And peace, foretold by ancient prophecy,  
Were here already, and the reign of Sin  
Were ended ere the earth on which we dwell.

In fifty years, the little commonwealth,  
Our league of States, that, in its early day,  
Shook the long Atlantic coast, has grown  
To a vast empire, filled with populous towns  
Beside its midland rivers, and beyond  
The snowy peaks that bound its midland plains  
To where its rivulets, over sands of gold,  
Seek the Pacific—till at length it stood  
Great 'mid the greatest of the Powers of Earth;  
And they who sat upon Earth's ancient thrones  
Behold its growth in wonder and in awe.

In fifty years, a desolator for human brotherhood,  
The wrong that scolds at man's brotherhood,  
And holds the lash o'er millions—has become  
So mighty, and so insolent in its might,  
That now it springs to life as Liberty  
The death-grip, and o'erturns the glorious realm  
Her children founded here. Fierce is the strife  
As when of old the shining angels strove  
To whom, beneath 't' uprooted hills of heaven,  
The warriors of the Lord. Yet now, as then,  
God and the right shall have the victory.

For us, who fifty years ago went forth  
Upon the world's great theatre, may we  
Yet see the day of triumph, which the hours  
On steady wing of truth blither from the depths  
Of a serene future; may we yet,  
Beneath the reign of a new peace, behold  
The shaken pillars of our commonwealth  
Stand reared up in their ancient poise,  
And the great crime of which our strife was born  
Perish with its accursed progeny?

From the Chester (Pa.) Republican.

## AN INCIDENT OF THE NEW YORK RIOT.

"Mother! they may kill the body, but they cannot touch the soul!"

Peaceful o'er the placid waters rose the radiant summer sun,

Loyal voices shouted anthems o'er the conquest bravely won;

For the walls of Vicksburg yielded to the Union's shot and shell,

While Port Hudson, trembling, waited but a clearer tale to tell.

But, alas! day's golden image scarce had left its impress there,

When above a Northern city rose the sounds of wild despair;

Fiends and demons yet unnumbered rallied forth in bold array,

Deeds of darkness, scenes of carnage, marked the traitors' onward way.

Blind to feeling, deaf to mercy, who may judge the depth of crime?

None but God may know the misery traced upon the Book of Time!

Yet enough that sinking manhood, with consumption's hectic glow,

Fell a prey to ruffian anger, mark beneath a coward's hand,

British force conveyed the "loved one" from that wild-  
o'-mud mother's side.

While her groans of mortal anguish echoed back intensified;

But the God of races lifted up the mantle of despair,  
And revealed the crown of glory that her dying son would wear.

While upon that beaming countenance sin had left no bitter trace,

But a look of earnest meaning lit the dying hero's face,  
Whispering words of cheer and comfort as he neared the promised goal.

"Mother! they may kill the body, but they cannot touch the soul!"

What a world of earnest feeling do these words of Faith convey,

While Religion shed its lustre brilliant as the light of day!

What a stern rebuke to madness, could the faithless soul believe,

Ages of self-abnegation, years of prayer, can scarce retrieve!

Aye! humanity may envy Abraham Lincoln's peaceful grave,

While the hearts of unborn millions will his heavenly advent crave;

And these simple words of feeling bid the waves of thought to roll,

"Mother! they may kill the body, but they cannot touch the soul!"

Vainly may we search in history what the barbarous ages tell,

St. Bartholomew's dark record scarcely seems a parallel;

Yet the day of triple vengeance hastens forth on nimble wing,

And the time of true repentance proves the fact that God is King!

But those few to reigning justice never can restore,  
Though that widowed mother's image haunts their days forevermore;

As a monument of glory faithfully these words enroll,  
"Mother! they may kill the body, but they cannot touch the soul!"

August 16, 1862.

L. L. L.

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## The Liberator.

## THE FUTURE OF THE FREED PEOPLE.

No. III.

BY REV. JAMES A. THOMAS.

Another Principle, on which we may confidently believe the Lord will deal with this people, is, that the severity of his discipline forebodes the greatness of the destiny he has in reserve for the subjects thereof.

Since neither sacred nor profane history discloses any grievous iniquity for which the children of Africa should suffer, beyond other races, the displeasure of heaven; since, indeed, they have been so sinning against sinning, their worst vices resulting from the debasement in which they have been steeped by the guilty agency of more favored races; we have reason to regard the unparalleled evils God has suffered to befall them as a stern discipline, protracted through the ages past, to train the negro for some high destiny, to prepare him to perform a grand part in the human drama—a part, perhaps, in the last act, and which will be worthy such a severe training. It would, certainly, be like a God whose economy employs no useless means, and admits no fruitless race, to crown his long and painful processes with this negro race with the issue of a pre-eminent destiny. There is, in the case itself, a probability of this, which is confirmed by the dealings of God with other peoples. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." "The last shall be first." "Blessed are ye that hunger now, for ye shall be filled." "Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh." It is through great tribulations that races, as well as individuals, reach their goal.

Moreover, it is reasonable to assume that each of the several races of mankind was foreordained to have, at some period, a fair chance to develop its racial qualities; a time, at least, of probation for the outgrowth of character, and the attainment of relative position. As this world presents the only theatre for the peoples as such, we could hardly vindicate the wisdom or the equity of God on any other assumption than this: that he has provided for every people, kindred and tongue, an opportunity to attain unto virtue and honor, and a day in which it may be a light and a glory to humanity.

The peoples of antiquity which have become organically extinct or degenerate, had their times to flourish, or their opportunity, the worst of them, to become principalities and powers in the earth. The great kingdoms of the East, from Assyria to Rome, pagan though they were, and hostile to God and the truth, were not utterly suffered to live, but helped, we might almost say, to thrive and become mighty; for it was obviously better that they should have space to exhibit their qualities, such as they were, and to work their works, such as they were, than that they should be forestalled by untimely fate. They had their day, and although they attained to an imperial magnificence or a splendid civilization, yet they fell far short of true glory. Even the Jews, most favored, and in moral attainments most advanced, of all the ancients, enjoyed opportunities of elevation which they pervertedly neglected; and so persistently did they abuse their privileges, that they forfeited, and finally lost them. They had a long vantage period, from Moses to Jesus, yet they were grossly blind; and when the day of their special visitation came, and their Messiah appeared among them, they disowned, rejected, and slew him! So the glory that had been their departed; their house was left unto them desolate, their holy city was destroyed, and they were dispersed among the nations, no longer a people admired and envied, but a hissing and a byword; a monument to this day of retributive justice.

The less considerable, and, as we say, less favored peoples of antiquity, the Canaanites, for example, undoubtedly had afforded them the opportunity to take their moral position, and they took it—look the ground of gross idolatry, set themselves against God, against light, and incurred the exterminating vengeance which overtook them. They melted away ignominiously; but they could not complain that they had no day of grace. Even Sodom and Gomorrah had the light of righteous Lot, as the antediluvian world had the preaching of Noah. And what does Christ say to the cities of Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Capernaum, and finally to Jerusalem? He solemnly reiterates the principle, that to peoples are proffered opportunities to become good and great, and that it is for the abuse of these, woes are denounced, and plagues poured out upon them.

Much more does this principle apply to peoples under the Christian economy of mercy and favor. The Oriental regions, where Christianity won its first triumphs, and diffused its earliest blessings, where the apostles preached and the primitive churches were founded, certainly enjoyed preeminent advantages. If they have since been blighted by Romanism, or overrun by Mohammedanism, it still remains a fact that they were highly favored; and if they should never again be blessed by the prevalence of a pure Christianity, it cannot be said that they had not their day of grace, which might, but for their own forfeiture of it, have been prolonged, with increasing benefits, to the present time.

And if there be, under the Christian dispensation, as before it was, savage tribes which prove intractable under the hand of cultivation, which seem "joined to their idols," which appear to be "like the deaf adder," and therefore give little promise of a day of enlargement, when they will "stretch out their hands unto God," it does not become us to say that they have not been visited with a day-spring from on high, that they have not been waited upon with overtures of good by a benignant God. If the Indians of this continent, once so mighty in their aggregate strength, and so hopeful in some of their native aspects, have dwindled away to a few thousands, many of their tribes become extinct, many of their nobler features effaced, and if now their future even to the eye of faith looks gloomy, who will presume to say that they have not had opportunities of Christianization, which, if they had been seized, would have redeemed them? They have, indeed, been wronged by our nation, outraged by greedy speculators, corrupted by profligate traders, and but feebly aided by the churches with the saving truths of the Gospel. All this must be acknowledged. Still it remains true that the Indians have had among them numerous missions and schools, and before their eyes the example of civilized families, cultivating their farms, dwelling in their homes, and building up their communities, and, within, the spectacle of a great national civilization transforming their hunting-grounds into States, and their fishing-waters into the highways of commerce; yet they are savages, notwithstanding all!

Who, then, will say that the Indian has not had his day, has not really demonstrated his distinctive character, and has not proved his unworthiness of a national existence hereafter? What God may see fit to do for or with this people, we cannot, indeed, foresee, and do not pretend to intimate. But this we do affirm, that if they should be speedily obliterated, as tribes, and have no future, they have had such opportunities for civilization, and for a noble destiny, as few savage races have ever enjoyed.

What shall we say of the negro race? Are they unworthy even of a chance to rise? Are they so base as not to be entitled to the poor privilege of a probation—to show what they might become? Or will it be assumed that they have had their time of trial, that they have been "weighed in the balance, and found wanting?"

We contend that the negroes are not akin to those savage tribes which have clung to their barbarous ways in spite of civilizing influences; nor to those pagan peoples who have persistently preferred their idols to the living God, when he has been made known to them. On the contrary, they answer encouragingly to the slightest touch of culture, and show a susceptibility to the highest improvement. Among no

beighted people has the gospel been so readily introduced as among the tribes of Africa, the most benighted of all. The negroes of this country have almost no taint of idolatry. The little that Christianity has done for them in their bonds has elicited hearty responses from their deeply religious nature, and has wrought out among them many specimens of piety, equal, in vitality, if not in intelligence, to any our favored churches can present.

On the other hand, the negro, unlike the historic Jew, has had no past advantages; has enjoyed no displays of the Divine majesty; has seen no signs and wonders; has had no laws and institutions delivered on smoking mountains; has had no revealed rites of worship; no tabernacle or temple; no priest, no prophet, no intercessor, no leader sent from God. He has been, from time immemorial, sunk in worse than Egyptian darkness, in Africa. In Christian America he has been denied the Word of God, the rights of conscience, the freedom of worship, the means of grace, the family altar, and the rite of marriage. The negro has had no past opportunity! The ages have afforded him no spring-time, no summer. It has been perpetual winter for him in his sunny clime. It has been polar night on his equatorial plains. How shall we reconcile these privations with his religious aptitudes? Why should a soul, so disastrous, have happened to a people whose soul, like their tropical soil, is exuberant in spontaneous productions of devout sentiment and grateful song? Why should so few advantages have been awarded to a race among whom, notwithstanding, have been found such rare specimens of trust, of fortitude, of forgiveness, of cheerfulness, of submission?

Have not these dark dispensations some deep design in the councils of a wonder-working God? Have they not some compensative end, predetermined in the bosom of Divine love, to be revealed in the fullness of time? Surely, for such a people there must be a reversal of a fullness of opportunity, a day of grace, an era of enlargement. There must yet be a set time to favor them; a time when God will evoke their slumbering power, and quicken their redundant but stagnant life. Supreme mercy will afford this to a race which has outlived ages of brutalizing bondage, and which, in its lowest debasement, emits flashes indicative of its inextinguishable fires.

## OUR AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

Extract from a Thanksgiving Discourse, delivered in the First Congregational Unitarian Church in Philadelphia, August 6th, 1862, by WILLIAM H. FURNES, pastor of the Church.

The fact is disclosed that, however friendly the interest felt in us here and there abroad, there is no public, earnest, national goodwill for the republic any longer in all the world. Instead, however, of discouraging us, the discovery of this fact must have some effect upon the grandeur of our cause. We are contending, it appears, for universal freedom, against all oppression, abroad as well as here. The coldness, nay, the worse than coldness of foreign governments, the satisfaction, which they have not been able to conceal, at the prospect of our breaking up, has reminded us of what indeed we ought not to have forgotten, that monarchies and aristocracies are by nature hostile to republican institutions. To princes and nobles and their retainers, the idea of equal rights is necessarily repugnant. They are bound to despise it. Its triumph will be a disaster to all the forms of despotism or mastership, limited or unlimited, throughout the world. Having a cause so great, we can afford to bear with composure the dislike of foreign governments. Let them stand aloof, and make no sign of sympathy with us, but send their congratulations to the French usurper upon the success of his buccaneering assault upon Mexico. It is enough that we know that we have the prayers of every lover of liberty, of the John Brights, throughout the world. Let us be content to win success through no outside help, but by the pure strength of that love of justice and of freedom with which, through the free institutions he has given us, God has inspired this people.

And thank Heaven, my friends, to-day that our republicanism is as specific in its external as in its internal relations, as powerful to maintain peace with others as to produce unity among ourselves. In times past, before this civil trouble broke out, when we presented the appearance of an undivided Union, our France never sought, they took good care to avoid, all occasions of quarrelling with us. They paid us, in form at least, a scrupulous respect. There was reason in those days why this country should inspire dread. But that reason existed, not in our republican institutions, but in the anti-republican power which was then in the ascendant in our national councils. Slavery had fed and fostered those passions from which, ever since the world began, have come wars and lightnings. It is the essential vice of despotism, in all its forms, that it necessarily develops the love of power to an inordinate degree, and renders the privileged class—be they called kings, lords, or slaveholders—impatient of the restraints which the rights of others impose, quick to take offence, to make their will the law to others as it is to themselves; and so comes discord. In fine, it destroys the sense of justice in those who practise it, and, as we are now learning to our cost, there is no such thing as living in peace with those who have lost the right to hold the rights of others to be as sacred as their own. Yes, this republic, with its mighty resources and rapidly increasing millions, was indeed formidable to the peace of the world, but only when the slave power, being in the control of its administration, was breeding in it the lust of power which alone could render it aggressive. But even British statesmen, with all their native sagacity and high culture, have been so blinded by their aristocratic biases, and by the greed and the prospect of immediate advantage, that they do not perceive that, in the very nature of things, a republic can form of government like ours is and must be, of all forms of government, the most pacific.

Where every man is habituated from his birth to a restraining sense of the equal rights of others, and rulers exercise their brief and limited authority under the constant pressure of the principle of equality, which has become the pervading sentiment of the people, there no opportunity is afforded for the growth of that excessive love of power which is forever driving men and nations to encroach upon the rights of others, and so to make wars inevitable. Hence it is that a community, based upon an acknowledgment of the equal rights of all, while it tends by its very nature to internal harmony, is, of communities, least inclined to aggression. We this fact discerned, the nations would see that, in the countenance which they are giving to the attempt that is making to establish a slave empire on this soil, they are preparing to bring into Christendom a new foment of discord, and putting in additional peril the peace of the world. As they would avert wars and fighting, they should accord their special sympathy to the cause of the American Union, now that it is striving unto truth to rid itself of that element which is just as truly hostile to its amicable relations to other countries, as it is now fearfully prone to be to its own existence.

But unhappily this same war-generating element of injustice, in greater or less strength, in forms more or less disguised, is present, a vital element in all the leading governments of the old world, forming the views and prompting the measures of those who administer them, and therefore it is not a slave empire, but the republic, which is most hated. And it must be confessed, a republic is indeed terrible to all the upholders of privilege and unjust power, and the more terrible, the more faithful it is to its principles, the more harmonious it is in itself, and the more disposed it is to mind its own concerns and meddle with none; for then what an overwhelming argument is it against all those social systems which, sacrificing the many to the few, and continually disturbing the so-called balance of power among themselves, make peace the exception, and war the rule in the history of mankind!

It is indeed so. A true republic, a community founded upon justice and practically observant thereof, must be a terror to the whole world of oppressors, hateful to all of us, as we now see, to those who are accustomed to practise the grossest injustices. Well does Jefferson Davis prefer association with hyenas to Union with the free men of the North. There can be no doubt of that. We may believe him there. It is a more congenial companionship.

We shall never need to engage in a crusade against the despots of the old world. We must leave it to them upon the slightest pretext to interfere by force of arms with other nations, as the French tyrant is now doing in Mexico. It is their nature and their doom. We have only to be true to ourselves, only to let the light of the republic shine, the light of harmony at home and peace abroad, and civil and religious liberty will fill the world with a glory, before which the darkness of oppression, here and everywhere, shall vanish even as the morning mists disappear at the rising of the sun.

## THE VOICE OF THE DRAFT.

Extract from a Discourse, recently preached in New Bedford, by REV. WILLIAM J. POTTER, pastor of the Unitarian church in that city, whose name turned up among the drafted.

I do not know as I shall be pronounced physically worthy for the service into which the lot would take me, though I am aware of no defect that would legally exempt me, and sincerely hope that none may be found. I only wish this matter was beyond doubt. I have wanted since last Thursday, as never before, strength of body, and shall regard it with profound mortification if I shall be declared physically disabled for meeting this demand which my country makes upon me. I cannot at all understand the feeling which prompts so many men to search their bodies for some weakness or disease whereby they can escape this service to their country. I know very well that one physically incapacitated should not go as a soldier, and that patriotism sometimes may require that one abstain from going, rather than to go and become a burden to the service. But how any one can exult in such incapacity is discovered in himself, is what I cannot comprehend. Aside from the mean and craven nature of such a sentiment, a proper pride in possession of a sound body should keep one from growling so low. How much nobler is the spirit of the drafted sailor, who already in the sea-service of the government, came before the Examining Board the other day with a certificate from some local physician, trumped up for him probably by his home friends, stating that he had an internal cancer disease, but who, when the Board found it no disease, but, on the contrary, pronounced him a sound and perfectly healthy man, exclaimed with exultation, "Good!" "But I shall go back to the service in which I now am, for I can serve better there: so here are my three hundred dollars, which I willingly pay for the sake of going back, knowing that I am a sound man!"

Young men, if your mothers should be assailed, would you exult because you were feeble-bodied, and could not go to their defence? Our country is our mother; and shall we not pray for strong arms in this her hour of peril, to defend her? I decide not for others; but for one, I go on continually; and I shall use all possible means between this day and the day of examination a month hence, to make myself physically worthy of her call. And if accepted, I must go wherever and in whatever capacity the legally constituted authorities may place me, seeking for myself nothing that is not legally open to all, only trusting that, if there be any kind of service in which I may be more useful than another, will in providential ways come to me.

And if not accepted—if I shall be doomed to the mortification of physical unworthiness—I shall still feel that this call is a new voice of duty which I must in some way try to obey. In what shape I can respond to the demand, I know not now; but I have for some time felt that I must get nearer to the heart of this national struggle; that I must enter more interiorly into the life of this hour of our national history; that I have done what I could by word, and must now make some fuller and more personal proof of my ministry in this regard. And this call from the conscription wheel I accept as an intimation that another field of duty may be somewhere opening for me. \* \* \*

So long as the question was concerning the raising of a volunteer army, I have not felt called to any kind of military service. Neither by temperament, education or tastes, have I any special qualifications for it. I could constantly encourage those who had the qualifications to go, while at the same time I felt that I could remain with greater usefulness at my present post. But the question is now changed. The conscription law has put an end, in great measure, to these considerations of fitness, as also those of convenience. It is to be presumed that two years' opportunity for volunteering has taken all those into military service who have any special liking or aptness for it, or who could leave home and business with ease. Whatever the fact may be, the presumption on which we must act, is that it is now even matter who shall go to make up this new army; and for this reason we have drawn lots to decide the question.

I say, we have drawn lots; we, the people, have done it. It has been done for us or over us by any despotic authority, but it is our act, done at our demand. And this leads me to say the word which I wish on the Conscription Act.

The conscription law is our law—the people's law. It was passed by the legal representatives of the people and at the demand of the people. The people said to the government, "All have volunteered who have any special fitness for war, or who can go with convenience to themselves or to their families, or to society; it is now as difficult for one man to go as another: so we will draw lots to decide who shall go." And the government has accordingly put our names into the wheel, and the fates at our command are turning it: shall we abide by the lot?

If any think I have put the point too strongly, that the draft is not the act of the people, let them call to mind the fact that, a little more than a year ago, there was a general call through the newspapers, of all parties in the loyal States, and through the popular voices as expressed in private and in public, for taxation and a draft—a fact which will ever be remembered to the honor of the Republic and of the American people. And if any, having in mind the troubles incident to the draft, now think that another army might have been raised by volunteers, let them remember the troubles and disgust which a year ago attended the volunteering system.

But whether an army of volunteers could have been raised or not, is a question that can no longer be discussed. We have decided for conscription, the people asked for it, the government through the people's representatives has given it; and given it in the form of a law, in which manifestly is the characteristic feature. The exemptions which the law makes are none of them on the ground of class, or profession, or wealth, but all on the ground of humanity. I venture to say that, except perhaps in some points of practical detail, (and these are receiving a liberal interpretation,) a conscription law could not be framed wiser or more compassionate. Imagine what hardships and opposition there would have been, had the law given no alternative but going to the field. Even the \$300 commutation money, which has been the chief cause of complaint, was put in from regard, not to the rich, but to laboring men, and men of moderate means, in order to keep the price of substitutes within the range of most men of honest industry. There will doubtless be cases of hardships under the law; but so there have been under the system of volunteering; the hardships do not grow out of the fact of conscription, but out of the fact of war. The law could not attend to such cases, but private charity can, and should, and doubtless will. The law, I believe, in its main features, is as good as could be drawn; and had it not been for a few political demagogues, with hearts so hard that they

would ruin their country for the sake of party, there would have been no outbreak of hostility to it. Regarding, then, the draft as the act of the people, drawing lots among themselves, the people of course will honorably abide by it. Still, to those who are drawn, a choice is left; and how shall this choice be made? It is not, most certainly, to be taken for granted that all whose names are drawn should enter the service. The feeble-bodied—wretched men they should consider themselves—are exempted by the law itself. Only those who are pronounced physically fit will have the question to decide, what they are to do. And this question we cannot decide for another. We may present motives that will help to a decision; but in the end each must decide for himself—decide solemnly, and under a full sense of his obligations to his country and to God. Yet there is one question which all whose names have been drawn must alike ask; if they mean to abide honorably by the lot: and this question is, How—that is, by accepting which of the three alternatives presented—can I best serve my country? Not—How can I best serve myself, my family, my neighbors; but, How can I best serve my country? I can conceive, indeed, that there may be cases where men, who have no special fitness for military service, but do have a very special usefulness in other work, can best serve their country, even in this crisis, by paying their commutation money, or sending substitutes, and remaining themselves in business to keep that in operation. So, too, there are doubtless strong exceptional cases of domestic obligation, where, fully in accordance with the spirit of the law, one may be released from the choice of personal service. Let every one, however, if he would keep his honor, be on his guard against the specious forms which this exceptional pleading may assume. He must decide unselfishly, patriotically, conscientiously—putting foremost, not the grounds for staying at home, but the grounds for going.

It is quite commonly said, I know, (and such a report I now see, in the newspapers,) the commutation fee, by a veteran volunteer may be procured, is more acceptable to the Government than a raw recruit. If the Government should make an authoritative statement to this effect, it would decide the question for many of us. But no such statement has yet been made, and until it is made, on official authority, the presumption is, that since the law was made for raising an army, the men are wanted more than the money. Again, it is urged that one, of no special fitness by nature or occupation for military duty, can best serve the country by sending a substitute who is fit; thereby he may actually show a higher patriotism than if he should go himself. There is truth in this argument as a theoretical proposition, and at one time I gave it great weight in my own case; but, practically, there is a very dangerous fallacy lying in our not considering sufficiently the qualities that must make fitness in the substitute; for fitness consists by no means solely in the possession of muscle, or in belligerent training. I might send many men in my stead, who have stronger bodies and are better fighters, but no man could be my substitute who does not believe in the justice of our cause as thoroughly as I do. No man could be my substitute who does not by birth, or adoption, or principle, feel a personal interest in the triumph of our cause and the salvation of the country. No man could be my substitute who would fight merely for pay, or who would fight on the other side at any price. For one, to be my substitute in this struggle, he must have some other allegiance to our cause than an allegiance that is bought; he must believe in it; he cannot be a good and true soldier without belief. But the substitutes that are procurable, and that are being accepted, are mostly of a different sort from this. They are Canadians, or aliens just from the other side of the Atlantic. They have no intelligent appreciation of our struggle or our institutions. They come only for money. They would serve just as readily, many of them more readily, on the side of the rebels; and they will desert at the first opportunity; or, guarded against that, are at least very likely to prove faithless in battle.

There are some reasons of feeling, which many persons are conclusive against a substitute in their own case; but these, since they are reasons of feeling, and therefore not